## **VOLUME XXIII.—NUMBER 22.**

## TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1879.

# WHOLE NUMBER, 1,166.

# Choice Loetry.

ST. HELENA.

BT CASPAR BUTZ. Prepare the halls of Longwood! brush away
The dust of sixty years, which lies so silent
On memorable floors; let in a ray
Of light; another caile greets the island.
He will not walk as once the hero did.
With burning forchead, deep in meditation,
The corridors; though he fongat like the Cid,
He fought but for an unknown, barbarous nation

Tis Cetewayo, not Napoleon.
Whose life in Longwood's halls will soon be ended;
No here who a hundred battles won—
He won but one where he his right defended.
One of the many, he whom Albion's car
Of victory has dragged from throne and sentry—
Fame's trumpet faintly sounds his deeds of war,
He comes, a captive, from another country.

A captive, but with pride in dusky face;
With dark, keen eye the English red-coats muster;
He steps on shere, the proudent of his race.
With noble dignity, and not with blustering.
The god of battles threw the iron dies;
They were against him, and his fate was sealed.
No more he hears his sable warriors' cries,
No more he sees those who before him kneeled.

He enters Longwood's limits, dark his mein.
Who enters prison doors walks into shades
Much darker still, where he is only seen
By jailers' eyes; and if through gilded gates
The world behind is closed to him, no sound
Will scarce an echo find in prison's chamber.
The past is in his breast forever bound,
The future dead—his fate is "to remember."

So once before did here an exile land,
With darkened brow, whom then the world did banish.
Who, on the deck of the Northumberland,
Saw in the waves bis giant life-dreams vanish;
But little dreaming, on his reck of pain,
From which still proudly floats the British pennant,
That ever Longwood, where his heart was slain,
Should see, aye! such another kingly tenant!

Kings, rulers, both, and human life to spare;
Who thought of it, while lasts the ammunition
Yet one did only for his country dare,
The Corsican alew for this proud ambition.
Now it is stifled in that Southern reed;
The wound at last is deep, forever nortal;
But Cetewayo, unconscious of the deed,
He walks, the Nemesis, to Longwood's portal.

SUMMER ON THE WANE.

Brief grow the waning days; the poplars shed Serried showers of crimson o'er the path, Serried showers of crimson o'er the path, And gathering swallows, on the river brink, Twit their parting notes. The dusky bata Begin to congregate beneath the caves, Dranning of Winter-sleep; the lazy pike Bask on the river surface, reveiling In the last warmth of Summer.

On the elms,
The speckled starlings gathering, loud hold
A noisy council; and the blue-barred Jaya.
White handed magples, and sprace jackdaws, join
To awell the clamerous cherus.

The warm south bank—purple shine forth the bells Of Autumn violets, last lingerers. When gone, the flowers of Summer! So, of tshines A virtuous life, unrecognized, unknown, By a censorious world!

With gray, yet golden twilight; Winter comes, Comes on apace, and his white-shrouding snows Again shall shortly veil the slumbering earth!

## Select Story.

## THE NEW GIRL.

"Now, Charley, you'll be sure to remember ?""
"To remember—what !" said Mr. Meredith,
with a hopeless expression of inauity on his
countenance. Kitty Meredith dropped both
hands despairingly at her sides.
"Charles!" she exclaimed, "you don't mean
that you have forgotten already?"

"My dear," said Mr. Meredith, fumbling in
the deeps of his overcoat pockets for a missing
gloys." I may work have

the deeps of his overcoat pockets for a missing glove, "I may not have forgotten—but I don't eem exactly to remember

em exactly to remember."
"The oysters!" suggested his wife.
"Oh, yes," said Mr. Meredith, "the oysters."
"And the two ounces of double zephyr scarlet

"Exactly."

"And the back to be in waiting at two o'clock for your consin from Chicago."

Mr. Mcredith slapped one hand on the table. "She is coming, to day, I declare to goodness!"

he ejaculated.
"And a dozen Havana oranges for dessert, and two pounds of white grapes, and some of those delicious little Naples biscuit and macciroons, from Saltaseli's—oh, and let them send me up a

"A—which?"

"A girl, you goose! For general house-work. Phebe went home this morning with the face ache, and I can't be left alone, with company coming, and all. Mind she's a good cook, and understands waiting at table!"

And Mr. Meredith rushed off, to catch the nine thirty express, with a kaleidscopic confusion of grapes, zephyr wool, depot backs, oysters, and servant-maids careering through his brain, which boded ill for Mrs. Meredith's domestic plans.

estic plans.

While that lady, clasping both hands over her forehead, in a sort of tragic despair, rushed down into the kitchen, where a very good-lookdown into the kitchen, where a very good-looking young man of some two or three and twenty was on his buses in front of the range, trying to coax a most unwilling fire to burn. The good-looking young man glanced up, with a comical sparkle in his eyes, and a smudge of soot traversing the bridge of his nose.

"Well?" said he.

"Tom," cried Mrs. Meredith, hysterically, "can you make a lobster salad?"

"can you make a lobster salad f"
"Like a book!" said Tom.

"And coffee!"
"I learned in Paris."
"Good," said Mrs. Meredith. "And I can make buttermilk biscuit—and, between us, we will get up a decent lunch for a young lady from Chicago! And for dinner—
"Well?" again remarked the young man,

with the soot besnudged nose.
"Providence must provide!" sighed the matron.
"There's an old chintz colored rooster in the burn yard," said Tom, hopefully. "If I could catch him, I'd have a chicken stew."
"Tom," said Mrs. Meredith, "did you ever

"Then you don't know what you're talking

"Then you don't know what you're talking about," said the lady, with some asperity.

"Yes, I do, too," maintained the amateur Soyer. "Onions, potatoes, calery, pearl-barley, with a pinch of salt, and—"

"Nonsense!" interposed Mrs. Meredith. "Do pick that lobster out of its shell, and leave off romancing. You're a deal better at poetry and newspaper sketches than you are in the kitchen; though to be sure," with a twinge of conscience, "goodness knows what I should do without you, just at this particular emergency, you dear old darling."

The lobster was only half picked out of its shell, the buttermilk biscuits were still unmix-

shell, the buttermilk biscuits were still unmixed, and Mrs. Meredith, with a pocket handker-chief field around her pretty brown hair, was dusting the little drawing-room, when there came a ring at the door-bell. She put the turaned head out of the window, after a most un-eremonious fashiou."

"Who's there?" she demanded, in a high con-

"Does Mrs. Mcredith live here!" retorted a

"Does Mrs. Meredith live here!" retorted a woman's voice. And at the same instant, the young matron caught sight of a neat black leather hag, a black alpaca dress, and a shawl of the plainest Highland plaid.
"It's the new girl, thank Providence!" said Mrs. Meredith; and she flew down stairs, thanking bonest Charley in her heart, for this unexpected promptifieds.

ing honest Charley in her heart, for this unexpected promptitude.

"Come in," said she, opening the door, wide.

"I am glad you are so punctual, my good girl.
From the St. Clair's Intelligence Bureau, I suppose. No, don't take off your things up here, the servant's room is below stairs; you may as well come directly into the kitchen.

She led the way, followed by the new girl, whose countenance bore a rather bewildered expression.

"My name? Oh, it's Martha," answered the

"My name? Oh, it's Martha," answered the stranger, in some confusion.
"Martha?" critically repeated Mrs. Meredith.
"What an ugly name! I think I shall call you Patty. "Have you good references?"
"I-believe so."
"I think," said Mrs. Meredith, surveying her from tip to toe, "you are a little overdressed for you station, Patty; but of course you have some plainer clothes in your trunk, when it comes?"
The stranger lifted a pair of gray blue near to

some plainer clothes in your trunk, when it comes?"

The stranger lifted a pair of gray blue eyes to the tall form, girded around with a towel, who was vigorously wrestling with the claws of a tremendous lobster, at the table beyond.

"Do you keep a man cook, madam?" said she. Mrs. Meredith drew herself up. "Certain ly not," said she. "This is my brother, Mr. Selwyn, who is kindly assisting me to make a salad."

"But he is not doing it right," said the new girl. "He'll never get the meat out of the shell in that way. Let me show you, Mr. Selwyn."

And with deft fingers she loosened the luscious white fibre from the scarlet shell in a manner that made Mr. Selwyn cry "Brave!"

"And now, Patty," said Mrs. Meredith, "I will show you where the things are, and leave you to get up as nice a lunch as you can for half past two o'clock; we are expecting my husband's cousin from Chicago, and I want everything to be in perfect order."

"I'll finish the salad," said Tom, who had secretly been observing the pretty face and trim figure of the new domestic, "now that I've commenced it. But you needn't look so perturbed, Patty, if that's your name. I'll be careful not to get in your way. And you can ask my sister, there, if I'm not a handy sort of a fellow around the kitchen."

Kitty shook her head surreptitiously at Tom

the kitchen."

Kitty shook her head surreptitiously at Tom behind the acreen; Tom resolutely affected not to perceive the warning gesture at all.

Half an hour afterward, he came up to the dining-room, where Mrs. Meredith was arranging her best lilac and gold china.

"Kitty," said he, "she's a jewel. A gem of the first water. Depend upon it, she's not always worked in the kitchen! I quoted Shakspeare apropos of something or other, I don't remember what, and she recognized the grand old words at once—her eyes brightened, and you should have seen the color come into her face."

"Onoting Shakspeare!" cried out Mrs. Mere-

"Quoting Shakspeare!" cried out Mrs. Meredith, "to a commou kitchen girl."
"I don't believe in high life below stairs," said Mrs. Kitty, disdainfully.

The luuch came up at half past two, in perfect order, but no consin from Chicago arrived, no hack rolled up to the door.

no hack rolled up to the door.

"How provoking!" said Kitty. "Miss Meredith must have missed some essential connecting train. Charley will be vexed. But, however, I don't so much mind company coming in any time, now that I have get such an excellent girl."

The dinner of deintily recented quality and a

The dinner of daintily reasted quaits and a rabbit fricasse, with a dessert of custard and jelly, was duly served at precisely seven, at which hour Mr. Meredith himself bounced in, hot and fushed with the haste he had made.

"Where is who!" said Kitty.
"My cousin from Chicago."

"My cousin, from Chicago."
"Oh!" said Kitty. "She hasn't come."

Mr. Meredith drew a long sigh of mingled regret and relief.
"Then, after all," said he, "it's not so un-

"Then, after all," said he, "it's not so unlucky."

"What is not unlucky?" petulautly demanded his wife. "My dear Charles, you are expressing yourself altogether in riddles."

"That I forgot all about the oysters, and the zephyr wool, and the servant girl."

"Forgot?"

"Yes—forgot. Isn't that plain English enough?"

"But you didn't forget," remonstrated Mrs. Meredith. "You sent her. She is here now, in

the kitchen."

Mr. Meredith started. "I've sent no one," said he. "Never t hought of the girl, from that moment to this, I give you my word of honor!"

"Then," slowly ejaculated Kitty, "who did

send her?"
"Ring the bell!" said Mr. Meredith. "Lot's have ber up! Who knows but she is one of these regular confidence women, with an eye to the forks and spoons?" the forks and spoons I"

And as he spoke, he jerked the bell-cord with some energy. In a minute or so the new girl came up, smiling and courtesying. Mr. Meredith uttered an exclamation of amazement.

"Why, it's Martha Meredith!" shouted he.

"It's my cousin from Chicago!"

And he clasped her in his arms, with a shower of kisses which made honest Tom's hair stand on end.

on end.

("I wish she was my cousin from Chicago," uttered he, in a stage whisper aside.)
Kitty turned as scarlet as a pepper-pod.
"Oh, good gracious!" she cried, clasping little hands nervously "and I took her for

"And I am a cook, when occasion requires, cousin Kitty," said pretty Martha Meredith, making her peace with a kiss. "Don't be vested with me, for humoring the joke; indeed, indeed, I couldn't help it. And I'll show you how to make those meriagues glaces, and the Neapoli-

And they all sat bappily down together to the roast quaits and fricassed rabbits. And Kitty and Martha west to the Intelligence Bu-reau on the morrow, and established a Milesian damsel in the kitchen, who was not at all incongruous to her surroundings.

And Tom, leaning over his sister's shoulder, whispered, waggishly: "Didn't I tell you she was a gem of the first water!"

An Improvement on the Okolona Style. The style of Victor Hugo has been improved upon by the eminent statesman, jurist, and philologist who disseminates wisdom through the Okolona States. We respectfully suggest to him, however, that his souteness might be made more effective by arranging them in regular order, like the steps in stairs. For examample: If the States wishes to make an inquiry in regard to the Democratic vote of Iowa and Ohio on Tuesday last, the editor would write it thus:

Were the Democratic voters in Ohio and Iowa last Tuesday, that they allowed the Hell-bounds of Old Abe Liucolnism to

Get away with them in that shape ! Our suggestion is to write it after this style:

The Democratic Voters Ohio and Iowa Tuesday, That They Hell-bounds of Old Abe Lincolnism to Away With Them In That

That

Shape 

This would be an improvement on the St. Vitus style of the States, and also ou that of our learned friend at Lemars. The advantages of the new plan are obvious. It makes every word tell, and it takes fewer of them to fill a column. The improvement is clearly patentable, but we scorn to make any mercenary nae of what is so manifestly for the benefit of literature, and the cultivation of a refined and classical taste among the ernaments of the press.—

Chicage Tribuse.

THE Life Association of America has gone by the board. It numbers its victims by the thou-sands.—Reckport Journal.

# Miscellany.

ASTERBAMD OCLDER RODS.

The Resulter of Gelder Robe tecther.

On this and heather, the children sand,
Sister and feeder Robe tecther.

On this and heather, the children sand,
Sister and brother, has dis hased.

Golder Rod in the heather give the control of the framed our Constitution, was a very old man, but Mr. Cooper is older by several years. These points illustrate the distinction which he retains above other old men of fame.

Considering his enormous wealth, Mr. Cooper has lived in a plainer manner than any other capitalist who was not a professed miser. While ready to give away a million, his domestic regime was of no higher order than that of a well paid bank clerk. In fact, his early simplicity has clung to him through life like a workingman, whose aim was to use the world without abusing it. Having referred to Franklin, it may be said that the mantle of the latter fell on Peter Cooper. The death of the one and the birth of the other, were almost in the same year, and each has through life, been controlled by the same combination of industry, economy, ingenuity, liberality, and public spirit. Gazing upon the life of such a man, what a vast breadth of development it has compassed, and it may be added that he has always kept abreast of the age except when he was in advance. He built the first American locomotive, and was one of the projectors of the Atlantic cable, and he is now publicly discussing the matter of a ship canal. Such men as Franklin and Peter Cooper may sink under the flood of years, but strictly speaking, they never get old. He was a boy of more than seven years when the death of Washington agonized the nation. The Burr and Hamilton duel is one of his early memories. He was 17 years old when even Hamilton Fish was born. The embargo, and all the distresses of the War of 1812, are among the bitter experiences of his early life, for he then felt the withering adversity which followed. He also remembers the death of Tom pane, and that of the famous Fulton, whose first steamboat he saw plow through the Hudson. Bryant died an old man, and yet Peter Cooper was earlier born. He was older than the poet Shelley; and yet how few can remember even the death of the latter? Longfellow, whitter and Wendell Holmes are taking their places in the ranks of age, and the Alpa, and he has lived to see the last of the race fall by the hand of an African savage. How strange to see a man born during Washington's first administration still holding a position in public life! What a creation he has witnessed in the history of the republic! What development in art and science!—but here words cease to be of use. No man ever before embraced so much in his lifetime, and it is doubtful if any similar instance of eventful longevity will soon re-appear in social or national history.

State Hights. Senator Conkling never omits anything. He is always exhaustive. Whenever he handles a subject and leys it aside, all has been said of it which human genius could suggest. In his speech at Brooklyn, he thus summarizes State Rights:

State Rights brought on the war with Mex-

State Rights brought on the war with alexico, to get more territory to plant with slavery. State Rights flung down the Missouri compromise to apread slavery, and wrung from the Supreme Curt the Dred Scott decision.

State Rights sent the army into Kausas, and

war, murder and outrange, attempted to ce slavery spou her and upon other coming

States.
State Rights hunted slaves in peaceful communities with artillery and dragoons.

State Rights dispersed Legislatures with the

State Rights dispersed Legislatures with the army of the nation.

State Rights plundered the treasury, and prostrated the credit of the country.

State Rights scattered our ships in distant seas, stripped northern arsenals of arms, and sent them to the South, and put our armies under traitors who surrendered them; and all this was so arranged, that the government might be easily murdered in its bed.

State Rights waged the rebellion, with its mighty, murderous sacrifice of life and treasure.

mighty, murderous sacrifice of life and treasure.

State Rights murdered Lincoln, and tried to murder his chief officers of State.

State Rights now maimed and murdered national officials in the discharge of their duty.

State Rights since the war have perpetuated nameless, numberless horrors, making free government by majorities impossible in several States, and subjecting to worse than slavery a race which the nation and all its citizens are bound before God and man to protect.

State Rights, just of late, have grasped at still higher usurpation.

When, before the war or since, till recently, dared any party say that the government should be strangled and starved unless, at the price of its existence, the President give up his duty and his eath?

Who, before, ever dared to say that the reversible to the protect of the process of the president give up his duty and his eath?

efore, ever dared to say that the revenues paid by the people should still be collected, but arrested and embargoed, while the government and laws should perish?

The vote of this State this year must utter the judgment of the State on all these things.

Senator Chandler was for forty years a politician, and gained national prominence by his remarkable energy in war times in urging the prosecution of the war. Lacking cultivation and book education, he was possessed of unusual good sense, which was at times of immense value to the government. Senator Carpenter tells this of him: "When the Alabama claims were under discussion by the 'high joints,' Eugland submitted a proposition that was very severe. In response to a cable dispatch, the English members of the 'high joint' were told to withdraw entirely if the proposition was rejected. In great distress Secretary Fish sent for Senator Chandler. The point was explained to him by Fish, in the presence of Grant and the whole Cabinet, and Chandler was asked, 'What shall we do?' Old Zach replied, 'Tell' can to go to hell—put it in diplomatic language, of course." That is just what was done, and it answered the purpose entirely."—Milwaskee Senfissel. Chandler and the "High Joints."

THERE was a monkey and a parrot in New York State on Tuesday. The monkey's name was Kelly and the parrot's name was Robinson. Like their prototypes of comic story, they seem to have had "a h—ll of a time."—Globe Demo-

JEFF. Davis is a regular attendant on an old

THE PLANETS. The Beautics of the Heavens as at Presen

Prof. Hall, their discoverer, very nearly in their predicted places. Delmos was first seeu on the 22d of September, some three weeks before it was expected to be visible, by Mr. Common, of Eugland, who caught the first glimpse of it with a silver-on-glass reflector of three feet diameter, constructed by himself. Of course, these little bodies, the larger of the two not more than five or six miles in diameter, are quite beyond the reach of any but the most powerful instruments.

—New York Times.

Thomas H. Benton's Family.

Thomas H. Benton's Family.

The Nashville, (Tenn.) American prints the following letter from Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, lately received by Speaker Fowlkes, of the Tennessee Legislature, in response to one written by him making inquiries in regard to the graves, near Hillsboro, that State, in which tradition has said for years Thos. H. Benton's mother and other members of the family are interred:

interred:
PRESCOTT. ARIZONA TER., Sept. 25.
My DEAR SIR: I think the enclosed graves of which you tell me are those or some young sisters of my father. I thought there were three. They died of rapid consumption, and I have been told their burial place was known as "The Graves of the Three Sisters." My father's father was hurted in North Cardina wings, he had was buried in North Carolina, where he had lived and died. My grandmother Bonton died in St. Louis Mo., and is buried there, and beside

in St. Louis Mo., and is buried there, and boside her was buried my father, Senator Benton.

If I ever have the time to do what I would like, I would visit the former home of my father. I know he remembered with great pleasure his early life near Nashville, and his first law practice which took him about the State.

My father had three brothers. One Jesse, died on his estate, where he had lived for many years, in Louisiana.

on his estate, where to have in Louisiana.

Another, Samuel, had delicate lungs, and finding other climates too harsh, went to Txeas, where several of his children still live and have fine estates, now rendered very valuable by

railways. Others of his children remained where they had married, in St. Louis.

Another brother, Nathaniel, died, I think, in

Another brother, Nathaniel, died, I think, in Teanessee.

My cousin, Mrs. Brant, who lives is St. Louis, was also much in Tennessee in her girlhood, and I have referred your letter to her for more information than I am able to give.

Mrs. Brant had a brother, lately dead, named for my father. I had no brother of that mame, and both of my father's sous died young.

If it would not be too much trouble, I would like to have two or three leaves from the three graves you describe; and thanking you for your letter, I am, yours sincerely.

JESSIE BENTON FREMONT.

H. P. FOWLKES, Esq., Franklin, Tennessee.

How Zack Chandler Lost His Character. This Western Reserve is a curious place. If I don't get home pretty soon I shan't have anything left. I've lost nearly everything I had when I came here. Down at a town they call Akron some fellow stole my hat and left this thing, (holding up a dilapidated specimen.) Down here on one of your narrow gauge railroads I lost my gold beaded cane, which I have had for twenty years. But the worst of all. roads I lost my gold headed cane, which I have had for twenty years. But the worst of all, while I was at Chardou, I lost my character. It was rather curious, too. I shouldn't have found it if John Beatty hadn't told me. You see I was speaking there in open air, and the wind troubled me by blowing the little pieces of paper on which my notes were. So I took up my jack-knife and laid it down on the paper to prevent this. And what do you think? This is a strong temperance community, and there I talked for two hours, with the back of that knife toward that andience, with a corkserew in plain sight—and it showed that it had been used, too. I might get back my hat, and possibly some one will repent and return my cane, but my character in that community is gone forever.—Interview in Cherchard.

NICE summer days are bad for the Democrats. They don't get in their work so well. It takes a dark, gloomy day to roll up a majority for them, for the reason that when a man feels real mean and miserable he goes and votes the Democratic ticket.—Ripley Index.

HOOKER gone, and now Chandler! If this epidemic among great men continues, who of us is safe!—Kansas City Times.

DIRGE. [On the condition of the party. Sang by the Sagool Cipher Alley, with harp accompaniment, in the Confederate Caucus.]

Breathe low, thou gentle wind! Breathe soft and low!
Cnto my doom resigned,
Hopeless I go.
All fair dreams withered lie:
Tom Ewing seems to sigu.
We're walloped in Ohi-

Thon quivering aspen leaf! Too tearful tree!

Art mindful of the grief.

That wrenches me!

This talk about the war

We've reason to abbor;

We're secoped in Califor
Nee!

Thou wavelet, gently dip adown the bay;
Carl up thy liquid lip,
And sob for aye;
Connecticut II go
Republican, I know, O, linnet, whose brown wing the zephyr frets,
O, hear our marmuring—
Our fond regrets!
New York is lost to view;
Alas! New Jersey, too,
As aure as MassachuSetts!

Pathetic lily! Tilt thy silver cup.
And offer, as thou wilt,
The bee a sup.
The clouds of doom are drawn
Across the tosy dawn—
We Democrats are gone
Up!

### "I JOIN THE DEMOCRACY!"

We desire to commend the following letter of Parson Brownlow, when he was asked to "join the Democracy," to those Republicans who joined the Democracy yesterday: We ask them to read it and profit by the lesson he imparts. Read it, and console yourselves, for having been sknuks. Brownlow wrote a letter to Jordan Clark, of date August 6th, 1860, as follows: I have your letter of the 30th ult., and hasten to let you know the precise time when I expect to come out and formally announce that I have joined the Democratic party. When the sun shines at midnight and moon at mid-day—when man forgets to be selfish and Democrats lose their inclination to steal—when nature stops her march to rest, or all the water courses in

their inclination to steal—when nature stops her march to rest, or all the water courses in America flow up stream—when flowers lose their odor, and trees shed no leaves—when birds talk, and beasts of burden laugh—when damned spirits swap hell for heaven with the angels of light, and pay them the boot in mean whiskey—when impossibilities are in fashion, and no proposition is too absurd to be believed, you may credit the report that I have joined the Democrats! you may credit too too the Democrats! Never, so long as I join the Democrats! Never, so long as in churches—weeds in gardens—

there are sects in churches—weeds in gardens—fleas in hog-pens—dirt in victuals—dispute in families—wars with nations—water in the fleas in hog-pens—dirt in victuals—dispate in families—wars with nations—water in the ocean—bad men in America or base women in France! No. Jordan Clark; you may hope—you may congratulate—you may reason—you may seer—but it cannot be. The thrones of the Old World—the courts of the universe—the governments of the world may all fall and crumble into ruin—the New World may commit the national suicide of dissolving the Union, but all this must occur before I join the Democracy.

1 join the Democracy! Jordan Clark, you know not what you say. When I join the Democracy, the Pope of Rome will join the Methodist church—when Jordan Clark, of Arkansas, is President of the Republic of Great Britain, by universal fuffrage of a contented people—when Queen Victoria consents to be divorced from Prince Albert, by a County Court in Kansas—when Congress obliges by law James Buchanan to marry a Europeau princess—when the Pope leases the capitol of Washington for his city residence—when Alexander of Russia and Napoleon of France are elected Senators in Congress from New Mexico—when good men cease to go to heaven, or bad men to hell—when this world is turned upside down, when profix afforded, both clear and unquestionable, that cease to go to heaven, or bad men to hell—when this world is turned upside down, when proof is afforded, both clear and unquestionable, that there is no God—when men turn to ants and ants to elephants. I will change my political faith, and come out on the side of Democracy! Supposing that this full and frank letter will enable you to fix upon the period when I will come out a full grown Democrat, and communicate the same to all whom it may concern in

Arkansas, I have the honor to be, etc., W. G. Browntow.

# Col. R. G. Ingersolf Interviewed.

Col. R. G. Ingersolf Interviewed.

PITTSBURG, October 26.

After the lecture, Mr. Ingersoll was asked if he had anything to say about the Sunday law. "I am in favor," said he, "of Christians being protected in their rights—rights to worship. Infidels should also have the right to hold their meetings. Everybody should have the right to do everything that will not interfere with the rights of others. On Sundays, people should have the right to go to the opera, to hear the plays of Shakspeare, to wander in the fields, visit each other, in short, enjoy themselves as they please, provided they do not interfere with the happiness of others. The idea of a sacred day was born of barbarism, and is unworthy of our day and generation. There can be no day too sacred to be happy on, and I am satisfied that no man can increase the joy of good men by making himself miserable one seventh of the time."

"What have you to say on the Presidential "I think Grant will be the next President. I

"I think Grant will be the next President. I have a very high opinion of General Grant. I regard him as the greatest soldier the Anglo-Saxon blood ever produced."
"Do you think he will accept !"
"He would probably accept, if the nomination were tendered him, but I think he would regard it as a sacrifice on bis part. With him the Presidency is a broken toy, as he has already received about as much honor as the world can give to one man." one man."
"And what bave you to say on New York

"And what have you to say on New York politics?"

"I think that Cornell is going to be elected. The Democratic party has lost the ballot box end—that is to say, the part which counted votes whether they were cast or not, and that will result in the election of Cornell. I hope he will be elelected, because he is, in the broadest sense of the word, a liberal man. His father founded the only liberal college in this country, and, I think, the best one in this country."

"What effect will Cornell's election have on Tilden's prospects?"

Tilden's prospects !"
"I don't think there will be enough left of his to be effected. If New York goes as Ohio did, I think Thurman and Tilden may be regarded as the Two Orphaus."—Phil. Times.

CHANDLER'S CIVIL SERVICE SYSTEM.—Soon after he became Secretary he established what he called a system of civil service reform of his own. A Congressman, a personal friend, came to him saying, "Now, Chandler, I must be reelected, and it is very important for me that you should give my friend Jones a good place at once. He is the best worker I have got in my district, and he wants something." "All right," replied the Secretary, "you shall have it at once." He rang for the list of appointments in the district, and, handing it to the Congressman, said, "You see, the quota is full, but that don't matter; pick out any man you want me to remove, and I'll put your man in his place at once." "But," said the Congressman, "I can't do that. If I ask you to turn out any of these men I shall get myself into hot water." "You don't mean to say that you're asking me to get myself into hot water for you "I' demanded Chandler; and there the conversation ended. This was Chandler's way in the Interior Department, which he weeded of incompetent and dishonest officers with a stern and vigorous hand.—N. Y. Herald. CHANDLER'S CIVIL SERVICE SYSTEM.

THE grave of Rob Roy, in the lonely church-yard at Baigubidder, Scatland, is marked by a flat stone about a century old, on which is carv-ing a crown, but without any name. It is now-proposed to erect a better memorial of the old chieftain.

THE anti-Cornell movement does not loom up as prodigiously in the ballot-box as it did in the fine-haired editorials of the "journal of civilization."—Hawkeye.

## INGERSOLL, RENNETT, COOK. What the Brilliant Liberal Lecturer Has to May About "Cupid's Yokes" and a Fellow Lecturer.

As Col. Robert G. Ingersoll is known to have As Col. Robert G. Ingersoll is known to have attempted to secure a pardon for D. M. Bennett, editor of the Trath Secker, who is in prison for sending a pamphlet called "Cupid's Yokes" through the mails, and as Bennett has recently been charged by the Religio-Philosophical Journal with being a free-lover of the most practical character, a reporter called upon Mr. Ingersoll, at the Monongahela House, yesterday, to learn, if it were possible, how far the Colonel sympathized with the views of the editor of the Trath Secker.

Just as the conversation was about to begin, a gentleman entered, who stated that he called at the instance of a school-girl friend, "a confirmed little infidel," who wished his autograph in her album. Col. Ingersoil expressed himself delighted to comply, saying he was always delighted to know of young persons escaping from the bonds of creed, and determining to reason for themselves. Turning over the leaves of the school-girl's album, the first autograph which caught Mr. Ingersoil's eye was that of Rev. Joseph Cook.

seph Cook.

"I like to be opposite to Cook in everything," said the Colonel, "and I'll write my name on this page," indicating that which bore Cook's name.

Mr. Ingersoft then sat down and wrote:

Love is the legal tender of the soul.

R. G. INGERSOLL. Pittsburg, October 26, 1879. The reporter then said to Mr. Ingersoll that he would like to know what part he took in the Bennett case, and what he thought about him, and the Colonel made the following statement, which is given verbatim, as it was transcribed by a phonomentary.

by a phonographer.

"D. M. Bennett is the editor of the Trath Seeker. I never met him but twice in my life, and then only for a few moments. I had always heard him spoken of as a good man, and I supposed he was in all the relations of life a most excellent gentleman. We had a little trouble about business matters but that was forgotten by me

gentleman. We had a little trouble about business matters, but that was forgotten by me.

"Mr. Bennett was indicted for sending a pamphlet called 'Cupid's Yokes' through the mails. The pamphlet is a foolish argument against marriage. It is not obsceue, but simply silly. It was written by a man named Heywood.

"I believe in the institution of marriage. That institution will endure as long as men feve women and women love men; and such is my confidence in that institution, that I do not believe it can be interfered with by the publication of an idiotic pamphlet. A man who abuses his wife, and makes his home a bell, does more to bring marriage into disrepute than all the pamphlets that will ever be written.

"I blamed Bennett for having anything to do

to bring marriage into disrepute than all the pamphlets that will ever be written.

"I blamed Bennett for having anything to do with the book, as he did not believe, as I understood, in the principles it advocated. He was tried and convictrd. I read the book and an account of his trial, and was convinced that his conviction was illegal. I hared to have anything to do with the matter, but being convinced that he was illegally convicted, felt it to be my duty to ask for his pardon. I did this without the expectatation of fee or reward. I did the best I could to have him pardoned, and failed. When he was sent to the penitentiary, although in the midst of his trouble, he sent me a hundred dollars. I immediately sent it to his wife, knowing that while her hasband was imprisoned, she needed the money more than I did.

"If I had thought he had been guilty of sending an obscene book through the mails, I never should have asked for his pardon. I despise all writers of obscene books, and one of my objections to the Bible is that it contains many passages anfit to be read; but, as long as such passages are deemed inspired, I am afraid it will be hard to suppress many books that really ought to be suppressed.
"Day before vesterday, my attention was call-

"Day before yesterday, my attention was called to some letters said to have been written by Bennett to a young lady. I cannot believe these letters are genuine, and will not until Mr. Benletters are genuine, and will not until Mr. Bennett is heard from. If it turns out that he wrote the letters, I shall be sorry from the bottom of my heart that he ever did so foolish a thing. But I shall never regret that I acted in accordance with what I conceived to be my duty in asking for his pardon. These letters were unknown at the time of the trial, and he was not known at the time of the trial the known at the time of the trial the will make the most with the time of the trial the will make the most with the time of the trial the known at the time of the trial the was not known at the time of the trial the was not known at the time of the trial the known at the time of the trial the time of the trial the known at asking for his pardon. These letters were unknown at the time of the trial, and he was not convicted on account of them, but, as I believed, and will believe, on a false charge. If it turns out that he wrote the letters, ali I have to say is that I shall regret it; but the fact will have no more effect upon liberal thought in this country than will the defalcation of Archbishop Purcell on the real presence in the Eucharist. All it will do will be to put Mr. Bennett in company with the Davids and Solomous, the Popes, cardinals, bishops, priests and ministers whose names are so familiar to your readers. I presume, however, that it will turn out that those letters were written partly by both parties."

The reporter here remarked that Rev. Joseph Cook charged Ingersoll with being in favor of sending obscene literature through the mails. The Colonel then went on in this wise:

"I have explained my connection with Bennett's trouble many times. Everybody who knows me knows that I am opposed to the dissemination of impure literature. I have made denial after denial, explanation after explanation, and notwithstanding this, Joseph Cook, as you say, and as I learn from the papers, publicly declares that I am in favor of the dissemination of impure books and pamphlets. When Mr. Cook makes that charge, he knows himself to

declares that I am in favor of the dissemination of impure books and pamphlets. When Mr. Cook makes that charge, he knows himself to be a willful and malicious calumniator; and whoever in the United States makes such a declaration, tells a willful and malicious false-

Therepor terasked what Mr. Ingersoll thought Therepor ter asked what Mr. Ingersoil thought of Cook as a thinker.

"I think," Col. Ingersoil replied, "to quote from Brinsley Sheridau, 'that he depends upon his imagination for his facts, and upon his memory for his jests.' I think, also, that he was correctly described by Prof. Swing, of Chicago, who said he was 'a pigmy masquerading as a giant,' and if he is truthfully reported by the press as to what he says about me, then I say that, if his logic equals his mendacity, he is one of the greatest of hiving men. Mr. Cook's philosophy is the theology of New England, seasoned with a little of the poorest German thought—that is to say, he mixes sauer-krauts with his beans."

A number of gentlemen calling at this mo-A number of gentlemen calling at this mo-ment, Mr. Ingersoll was not questioned further, but he proceeded to entertain the company with a flow of brilliant and humorous conversation, that was fully as entertaining as his lectures.— Pittsburg Dispatch.

A New Excavation—Proposing to Dig Up the Relics of Pharonh's Host.

At a sitting of the French Academy, upwards of five years ago, M. Lesseps stated, upon the authority of the reports made by his engineers, that "at the time the Israelites left Egypt, under the leadership of Moses, the ebb and flow of the tides of the Red Sea reached up to the foot of the Saragaim, near Lake Timsah." If this be correct, it follows that near the epot where the Israelites crossed the Red Sea was situated, not to the south, but to the north of the present extremity of its northern arm. In his paper, Les Mondes, Abbe Meigne has traced the course of the children of Israel day by day, in accordance with these nrw data, and he asks the whole Christian world, since the spot is now known where the Egyptians were awallowed up, with "the horse and his rider," charlot, and everything, to subscribe the requisite funds to enable excavations to be made, and "the relics of the army overwheimed by the Almighty Himself, to be brought to light." The learned Abbe will undertake the work, if he succeeds in getting 50,000f., "because the finding of the remains of Pharoah's army would be a powerful reason in fav or of the truth of the Holy Scriptures."

THE GREENBACK PARTY.—The Greenback party cannot stand the chilling blasts of winter. Fiat wood, hought by flat money, will not keep the cold away. The mortality among Greenback newpapers is alarming. They die for want

A MANUFACTURER in Sheffield, England, late-A MANUFACTURER in Shemeid, England, lately showed a number of his workmen an assortment of American goods, and, holding up a pair
of tailors' shears, offered to give the Trades
Union the men belonged to \$250 if any of them,
within a month, would produce a pair equal to
them. The challenge was not accepted.

MURAT HALSTEAD says it looks "like a Repub lican flood." So it does; and after Ohio—the deinge. Verdict on the abot gun and repudia-tion Democracy in November: "Found drowned."

# EWING'S LAMENTATION.

BT W. A. CROFFET. I went to the fair, and I played with the bear,
And peeked in the grinback monkey's cage;
I got (with tobacker and a flat cracker)
The bullion elephand all in a rage.
And I ran in a lively match
For an animal which would be
The prize of wheever could catch
That slippery P. L. G.
O, that was me!
I went for he—
For the slippery P. L. G.!\*

Pretty Important Governorship.

\*Pretty Important Governorship.

I took my place in the rattling race.

And the people gathered to see the fun:
The tail of the beast was siled and greased,
And like an antelops he could run!
I tumbled over the trough
Which Sammy had sent to me.
And my nervous hands slipped off
From the tail of the H. O. G.
The Ohlo idee!
At libertee
Was the tail of the H. O. G.\*

Heritoge Of Genius.

"Heritage Of Geniue. I scrabbled along in the laughing throng.
But Charley Foster flew like a deer;
The paper pack on my burdened back,
It kept me following far in the rear.
The animal gave me the slip—
I thought I had him, you see,
But I specify lost my grip
On the S. H. O. A. T.
The race was free,
But not for me
Was the S. H. O. A. T.

\*Spoils, Honors, Office, And Trimming

I needed him bad. Our folks had had No victuals for more than a hundred n Excepting the game that Northward can The indigestible Dixie coons.

So I wanted to sample that.
But it was too quick for me.
And Charley F. captured the fat S. W. I. N. E.

Twas evidentice
Einsive—the
S. W. I. N. E.

I lost my place in the rattling race,
For, somehow, Charley always led;
The tail of the beast was soaped and grease
And he generally kept three laps shead.
I tumbled into the trough
Which Tilden sent to me.
And my feeble hands slipped off
From the tail of the P. I. G.
O, cruel decree,
That wrenched from me
That grip on the P. I. G.!\*
Presidency, I Guess.

Presidency, I Quest. NASBY.

Confeder I X Roads,

Wich is in the State UV Kentucky,
October 15, 1879.

Ohio hez gone distractid. Insted uv electin
Ewin, and makin soft money secoor, that cussid
Foster hez kerried the State by a majority wich
we hed no idee uv, and to make the matter
wuss, the Legislacher hez gone agin us, and the
return uv that saint, Thurman, is one uv the
things that aint to be thot uv. Ohio is gone,
and wat we depended onto is gone also. We
hoped to bring Ohio into the ranks ez a soft
money inflashen State, to help the Condfedrit
Cross Roads to git into that prosperity wich it
hez so long desired. But Ohio is gone. Ewin,
the champion of soft money, and the embodiment uv the idee that all yoo hev to do to make
money is to print it, is berried under a majority
uv suthin like forty thousand, and the Greenback party is faded into nuthin, wher we expectid a grate deel from it. Sich is life! Wher
we expect the most we git the leest, and help
comes the offenest from wher we dont expect
nuthin.

We uv Kentucky hev but one hope now. That
is Gineral Butler, uv Massychoosets. Ef he kin
eit that State to eleck him on the inflashen CONFEDRIT X ROADS.

Butler will make the most uv this. Evry casheer that hez stole the money uv his corporashen, and got away with the plunder, will be charged up to the Republikin party, and Bonjamin will charge it all to John Sherman and the present policy.

Ef ther is a few more defalkashens in Fall River, I feel toliably shoor that Butler will be elected. Down here in the Corners, we prayed for a frost that wood kill the corn in Ohio-we ware a to also now without prayin for more for a frost that wood kill the corn in One—we never go to sleep now, without prayin for more defalkashens in Massychoosets. Dimocrisy kin hope for nuthin onless ther is distress. Prosperity and Dimocrisy dont hitch at all. Wat we want is suthiu solid in the way uv distress that

want is suthin solid in the way uv distress that will make peeple clamer for a change.

The eyes uv Kentucky is onto Butler. To Butler, the only aggressively wicked man in the nashen, Kentucky looks appeelinly. The grate Butler is makin the only greenback fite that is worthy uv the name, and makin that fite in the very face uv the blotid bondholders uv Noo Ingland, wich is pizen. We uv the Cross Roads hev forgive Butler. We are magnanymus. We hav forgive Butler. We are magnanymus we heave forgive but hat he ever drawed his sord agin the Confedracy. (So fur ez effecks went, we hevult much to forgive, wich makes the task ezzy.) We hev forgive him for his brootality in freein our niggers, and we forgive him watever aid he wuz to the Radikels at the various times he hez actid with em. Inezmuch ez he alluz dun em more harm than good, we overlook all that, and take him to our buzzum.

For Gineral Butler is doin the work that the Corners most needs. Butler is the champion uv

Corners most needs. Butler is the champion uv inflashen, and the only man left who is aktooal-ly makin a serius fite in faver uv onlimited

inflashen, and the only man left who is aktonally makin a serius fite in faver uv onlimited greenbacks.

We uv the Corners say hale and God-speed to the grate Greenbacker. We pray for him in the mornin, we drink to him doorin the day, and in the shades nv the evenin, the Corners is intoxicated drinkin his helth.

Wat the Corners wants is more money. The Corners never hed enuff money, sence the war. Afore the war, when we hed niggers to do our work, and cood sell the surplus stock South, we cood, by encurragin breedin, git along very well. We managed to hev enuff to feed and clothe us, and to indulge in draw poker to our hart's content. In those days, Bascom's wuz a paradise. The bar in front wuz filled with gentlemen takin ther tods, and the back room wuz crowded with the citizens playin draw poker and other games insidential to a high state uvivilizashen. I wunst knowed Deekin Pogram to loose wat money he hed, and then, ruther than retire, stake Libby and Sary, two uv his nigger gals, and sed to be his dawters, (wich wuz likely, ez they hed the Pogram nose,) on two pair, and when he lost em, he see em drav off South without a pang. Ex he remarkt on that occashun, "Wat diffrence is it? Ther is more comin."

THE GREENBACK PARTY.—The Greenback party cannot stand the chillips blasts of winter. Fint wood, hought by flat money, will not keep the cold away. The mortality among Greenback newspapers is alarming. They die for want of support, and the support is lacking because the former supporters are returning, like wandering sheep, to their old folds. Welcome them all. They were foolish and misguided, but they meant well.—Hansibal Clipper.

ZACHARIAH CHANDLER AND OLIVER P. MORTOS —the great, patriotic statesmen of Michigan and Indiana—died just two years apart. Morton died on the lat of November, 1877, and Chandler on the lat of November, 1879.—Grand Rapids (Mich.) Eagle.

Wanted In Northern Election

Mr. Nashy Has Heard from Ohio, and Appeals in His Distress to Gen. Butler, of Massachu-setts.